THE VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

Vol. I. ST. ALBANS, VT., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1864. No. 38.

THE TRANSCRIPT.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

By HENRY A. CUTLER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

To those receiving the paper through the Post-Office, $1.75 per annum. To Village subscribers receiving the paper by the carrier, 50 cents in addition will be charged.

Fifty Cents a year will be added when payment is delayed beyond six months.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS.—Per square of 12 lines or less, of this type, for first insertion 75 cents; for each subsequent insertion, 25 cents.

The number of insertions must be marked on all advertisements, or they will be continued until ordered out. Transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.

☞ A liberal discount will be made on the above rates to those advertising by the year.

LEGAL NOTICES will be inserted at 12½ cents per line.

LOUISE ON THE DOOR-STEP.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Half-past three in the morning!
And no one in the street
But me, on the sheltering door-step
Resting my weary feet;
Watching the rain-drops patter
And dance where the puddles run,
As bright in the flaring gas-light
As dew-drops in the sun.

There's a light upon the pavement—
It shines like a magic glass,
And there are faces in it,
That look at me and pass.
Faces—ah! well remembered
In the happy Long-Ago
When my garb was white as lilies,
And my thoughts as pure as snow.

Faces! ah, yes! I see them—
One, two, and three—and four—
That come on the gust of tempests,
And go on the winds that bore.
Changeful and evanescent
They shine 'mid storm and rain,
Till the terror of their beauty
Lies deep upon my brain.

One of them frowns; I know him—
With his thin long snow-white hair,
Cursing his wretched daughter
That drove him to despair.
And the other, with wakening pity
In her large tear-streaming eyes,
Seems as she yearned toward me,
And whispered "Paradise."

They pass—they melt in the ripples,
And I shut mine eyes that burn,
To escape another vision
That follows *where'er I turn*:
The face of a false deceiver
That lives and lies; ah, me!
Though I see it in the pavement,
Mocking my misery!

They are gone?—all three!—quite vanished!
Let no one call them back!
For I've had enough of phantoms,
And my heart is on the rack!
God help me in my sorrow;
But *there*—in the wet, cold stone,
Smiling in heavenly beauty,
I see my lost, mine own!

There on the glimmering pavement,
With eyes as blue as morn,
Floats by the fair-haired darling
Too soon from my bosom torn;
She clasps her tiny fingers—
She calls me sweet and mild,
And says that God forgives me,
For the sake of my little child.

I will go to her grave to-morrow,
And pray that I may die;
And I hope that my God will take me
Ere the days of my youth go by.
For I am old in anguish,
And long to be at rest,
With my little babe beside me,
And the daisies on my breast.

Cured of Matrimony.

Violet Powers was in the sulks.

But she looked very pretty, nevertheless. Girls will look pretty that have eyes like blue morning glories at four o'clock in the morning, and rosy lips, and round faces with satin-brown hair growing low on the forehead. Violet knew she was pretty—and she knew likewise that Mr. Elijah Pellet was not handsome.

The parlor curtains were elbowed aside by great scented masses of rose geraniums, and Violet's little piano was open, close by, giving the parlor a cosy home-like look that your brown stone palaces never can rival, any more than the robin's gilded cage rivals the moss-lined nest swinging in the topmost fork of the shadowy old beech tree!

Violet was leaning over her fragrant geraniums, resolutely taciturn, in a blue cashmere wrapper, with an edge of delicate lace at the slender throat and shapely wrists, while Mr. Pellet sat square in the middle of the sofa opposite, holding his hat on his knees, and admiringly surveying Miss Power over the brim thereof. A stout, portly little man of forty or thereabouts, with a comfortably double chin, and hair carefully brushed to conceal the bald spot on the top of his head, he was hovering on the brink of the perilous line that separates old bachelorhood from matrimony, an undecided aspirant.

"I had fully made up my mind never to marry," thought Mr. Pellet. "I'm not altogether certain as to the wisdom of the thing, and yet—she is such a trim pretty concern!"

Influenced by these meditations, Mr. Pellet put his hand slowly down into the crown of his hat, and drew forth, wrapped in wrappings of silver paper, a stiff little hot-house boquet.

"I knew Miss Violet was fond of flowers," he remarked, looking straight into the hat, as if he expected another boquet to spring up in the place of the last one, "and so I thought——"

He stopped, floundering vainly for an idea to finish up with, and beat "Hail Columbia" on the crown of his hat with his finger-ends.

Five minutes elapsed in awkward silence, and then Mr. Pellet came to the conclusion that he had better go, and rose accordingly.

"Pray come and see us again, Mr. Pellet," said Mrs. Power, sweetly.

"Thank'ee," said that gentleman. "I'm going out of town for a day or two—that is, a week, and—well, I will drop in when I come back from Steele's Mills."

"Steele's Mills?" ejaculated Mrs. Power. "Is that the place you are going to?"

"Yes—it's about a bad debt of the firm's."

"Dear me, what a very singular coincidence," smiled Mrs. Power. "My sister, Mrs. Amaziah Corney, lives in Steele's Mills. Do pray call and see her."

"I shall be delighted," said Mr. Pellet.

"And, Violet," pursued Mrs. Power, "you can send those slippers to your uncle—it will be such an excellent opportunity."

"There is no hurry about them," said Violet, listlessly.

"My darling! I heard you say only yesterday that you wished they were despatched. Bring them down immediately—why, what can you be thinking of?"

Violet went—languidly enough; and Mr. Pellet broke out into a perspiration of satisfaction as he wrote down Mrs. Amaziah Corney's direction.

It was nearly fifteen minutes before she returned—and then, deep with the brown paper cerements which wrapped the worked slippers, she had slipped in a tiny note written on lilac paper and sealed with a carrier-dove in fine lilac wax. And this is what it said:

"MY DARLING AUNT DOLLY:—These slippers will be presented to you by the most disagreeable old bachelor alive; I wish he had gone to the bottom of the Caribbean Sea before he had ever came here tormenting poor little harmless me! He's going to propose—I know he is—and papa will make me say yes, just because the wretch owns bank stock and mortgages. Oh, aunty! If I only had your ready wit and quick resolution. What shall I do? hide in the cellar when he comes here, or invite him to tea and put strychnine in the cup? It's no laughing matter, Aunt Dolly—I want your kind shoulder to cry my eyes out on, for mamma is on the enemy's side. One thing is certain. I shall be wretched for life if he does marry me. Pray think up some remedy for your disconsolate little niece. VIOLET."

And Mr. Elijah Pellet took the express train for the station whence a daily stage crawled over the hills to Steele's Mills, with his rather uncomplimentary note lurking in one of the toes of Uncle Amaziah Corney's new slippers.

A splendid old farmhouse, with its sloping eaves all hidden in snowy clouds of cherry blossoms, and odorous branches of southernwood on each side of the garden gate—velvet fields stretching away to a blue, tranquil stream, gnarled apple orchards whose knotty boughs were just beginning to blush with pink clustering buds—Mr. Pellet came suddenly upon its rural beauty as he turned the sweep in the road, and he almost envied the quiet life of Amaziah Corney.

"Walk in, Squire; walk in," said Uncle Amaziah, beaming all over with hearty hospitality. "My wife'll be powerful glad t' see ye. Dolly! here's a gentleman that knows your brother Hiram's folks in York, and he's brought me a pair o' slippers that our little Violet worked for her old uncle,—Dolly, I say—Dolly!"

And Mrs. Corney came tripping in,—a rosy matron of about forty-five, with sunny brown hair under the neatest of lace caps, and a complexion like her own apple blossoms. She held out her plump palm with a welcome no whit less cordial than her husband's.

"Well!" ejaculated Uncle Amaziah, lost in admiration of the slippers he was turning round and round on his ponderous hand, "if these ere lalocks and pinks aint jest as nateral as life, I aint no—— Hallo!"

The little purple note dropped to the floor. Uncle Amaziah started as if a full grown fairy had fluttered out of his slippers.

"It's for you, Dolly," he said to his wife, carefully picking it up. "A letter from Violet, I calculate. Sit down, Squire, sit down—te'll be ready presently, and you must be clean beat out, travellin' all the way from York."

Meanwhile Aunt Dolly, leaning against the kitchen dresser, read Violet's note twice over, slowly and thoughtfully the second time. Then she set her lips close together and winked her hazel eyes very hard.

"I have it," said Aunt Dolly.

Aunt Dolly knew what she was about, too, when she uttered those three magic monosyllables. She was a woman, from the crown of her head to the soles of her trim feet—a real, genuine, contriving, manœuvering, warmhearted woman—and Aunt Dolly was mistress of her situation.

"So you're thinking of matrimony, Mr. Pellet?" said Aunt Dolly, as she extended a fragrant cup of tea to the smiling bachelor.

"Dear me! How did you become aware of it?" simpered Mr. Pellet.

"My dear sir!" smiled Aunt Dolly, "we womenkind know such things by intuition. Well, Violet is a charming girl—we all know that—and she'll make the sweetest little wife in the world."

Mr. Pellet blushed to the bald spot on the top of his head.

"Of course—of course—that is," he stuttered, "if she will have me."

"Oh, she'll have you certainly," said Mrs. Corney, graciously; "there's no sort of doubt on that subject."

Mr. Pellet illuminated all of a sudden into a radiant, self-complacent smile.

"I have always thought, Mrs. Corney," he said, buttering his toast, "that housekeeping was infinitely preferable to boarding."

"To be sure," said Aunt Dolly, "Violet is a splendid housekeeper. I have trained her myself, Mr. Pellet; she is my double in all respects. Whatever I do, Violet does, to a degree of still greater perfection."

"By the way," said aunt Dolly, lowering her voice to a mysterious whisper, as she urged on his acceptance a plate of limpid peach preserves, "have you spoke the momentous question yet?"

"Not yet," said Mr. Pellet, sheepishly; "but I shall certainly ask it immediately on my return to town."

"You'll find her a very superior housekeeper," said Aunt Dolly. "Her notions of domestic cleanliness are formed after my own model. How often I have heard the dear child declare her unalterable resolution to clean house six times a year when she was a housekeeper. Ah me—the enterprising little thing!"

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," said Mr. Pellet, trying to look wise, while uncle Amaziah started and drank his tea, and started again in a silent species of amazement.

The next morning it "rained pitchforks." Aunt Dolly is up with the dawn; and by the time Mr. Pellet made his appearance, with a keen appetite for breakfast, she had a grand "house-cleaning" under way. There was no comfort anywhere about the house; there was no breakfast—only a "cold snack;" and finally the "men folks" had to take refuge in the barn, the rain continuing to pour down so violently that there was no living without a shelter of some kind.

"This is housekeeping is it?" exclaimed Mr. Pellet, as he sat down on a patent hay-cutter beside the plutosophical Amaziah.

"Wal, my wife's allowed to be a first rate housekeeper," remarked the latter, chewing vigorously at a bit of shining yellow straw.

"And Violet has been trained by her!" thought Mr. Pellet with a sudden pang of irresolution.

Dinner time came—but no roast lamb and dainty vegetables.

"We mostly put up with cold snacks cleanin'-house times," said Amaziah, as he presented a plate of indescribably fossilized viands to his visitor. My wife don't like to be bothered cookin' hot things."

"How long does house-cleaning last?" asked Mr. Pellet, grating his teeth against a bony sandwich.

"Oh, two or three weeks."

"I shall catch my death of cold," he thought. "Well! it serves me right for ever thinking of getting married!"

The next day he took the cars for New York, having previously "taken" a heavy cold in his head, in a rain that penetrated to his very skin. What did he care for rain? The Deluge itself wouldn't have kept him a day longer in Amaziah Corney's house.

"I'm glad I went there, however," he mused as he sat sneezing and coughing in front of the bright sea-coal fire in the warm parlor of his hotel. "I'm glad I got a peep behind the domestic curtain before I was irrevocably committed. Suppose—just for an instant *suppose* that I was married to a woman who cleaned house six times a year!"

The cold drops oozed out upon his forehead, and he drew a sigh of blessed relief, such as a man experiences who wakes from a frightful dream, and says to himself:

"After all, it is *only* a dream!"

He had intended to devote the first evening of his return to Miss Violet Power's society. Instead of this, however, he went to the club and put his name down on the list of an uncompromising society, known as the "Alliance of Perpetual Bachelors."

And Mr. and Mrs. Power vainly marvelled why the little parlor, with the rose geraniums, knew Elijah Pellet's presence no more. Marvelled, and then resented it, and finally came to the conclusion that it was just as well as it was, and that they wouldn't have Elijah Pellet for a son-in-law under any circumstances whatever.

When the wild grapes were touched with the purple glow of Indian summer sunshine, and the hazy mists dropped softly over the valleys around Amaziah Corney's house, Violet came there to introduce a tall, straight young Lieutenant of Artillery whom she called her "husband," with blushes and shy pride.

"I *thought* Mr. Pellet wouldn't propose," said Aunt Dolly, looking very wise at her pretty niece.

"Darling aunty," exclaimed Violet, throwing her arms round the elder matron's neck. "Tell me how you managed it!"

"My dear," whispered Mrs. Corney, while unutterable things sparkled out of her hazle eyes; "my dear, I had a house-cleaning while he was here!"

Aunt Dolly looked at Violet. Violet looked at Aunt Dolly, and both the ladies burst into the merriest peals of laughter in the world.

The Lieutenant of Artillery couldn't understand what amused them so much. But then he was an unsophisticated man.

"Six times three," mentally computed Mr. Pellet. "Eighteen weeks out of the fifty-two, spent in this dreary ceremonial! I'm glad I'm not a married man!"

Cold and dim, through falling rain and driving wind, the night gathered over the old farm-house.

"Good!" thought Mr. Pellet. "I can at least go to bed!"

"I haven't done things as thoroughly as I expected," said Mrs. Corney, as she smilingly handed Mr. Pellet a bedroom candle. "When Violet is here, we have what I call a *real* house-cleaning, Violet is so fond of cleanliness."

"Ahem!" coughed Mr. Pellet.

As he opened his door, the sepulchral dampness of the floor struck him with a shuddering chill.

AMUSING PROVERBS ABOUT WOMEN.—As the good man saith, so say we; but as the good woman saith, so it must be.

A woman and a greyhound must be small in the waist.

A little house well filled, a little land well tilled, and a little wife well willed.

All women are good—good for something or good for nothing.

A virtuous woman, though ugly, is the ornament of the house.

An obedient wife commands her husband.

A man of straw is worth a woman of gold.

A woman's work is never at an end.

A good wife is the workmanship of a good husband.

When the good man's from home, the good wife's table is soon spread.

A man's best fortune—or his worst—is a wife.

An enemy to beauty is a foe to nature.

A woman conceals what she knows not.

A lass that has many wooers oft fares the worst.

A man must ask his wife leave to thrive.

Fools are wise men in the affairs of women.

Every man can tame a shrew but he that hath her.

Ladies will sooner pardon want of sense than want of manners.

Bare walls make gadding housewives.

You may know a foolish woman by her finery.

Women are wise on a sudden, fools on premeditation.

Beauty will buy no beef.

Choose a wife rather by your ear than your eye.

Many blame the wife for her own thriftless life.

Prettiness makes no pottage.

While the tall maid is stooping, the little one hath swept the house.

Women laugh when they can, and weep when they will.

Beauty in women is like the flower in spring; but virtue is like the stars of heaven.

Women grown bad are worse than men, because the corruption of the best turns to the worst.

Beauties without fortunes have sweethearts plenty, but husbands none at all.

Beauty is no inheritance.

Fire dresses the meat, and not a smart lass.

Far-fetched, and dear-bought, is good for the ladies.

Three women and a goose make a market.

There is many a good wife that can't sing and dance well.

The society of ladies is a school of politeness.

The rich widow cries with one eye and rejoices with the other.

He that tells his wife news is but newly married.

He that wishes to chastise a fool, get him a wife.

Next to no wife a good wife is best.

No woman is ugly when she is dressed.

She that is born a beauty is half married.

She that has an ill husband shows it in her dress.

Saith Solomon the Wise, "A good wife is a good prize.

She that is born handsome is born married.

Who has a bad wife, has purgatory for a neighbor.

The cunning wife makes her husband her apron.

The more women look in their glasses, the less they look to their houses.

There is one good wife in the country, and every man thinks he hath her.

There is no mischief in the world done, but a woman is always one.

Mr. Lincoln and His Education.

Some of the Secrets of the President's Popularity.

The official and public documents and speeches of President Lincoln are often homely and even clumsy in style; they have been criticised for their lack of dignity and elevation; but they are understood by the whole people—and their logic, not cast in the moulds of the schools, runs in the channels of popular thought. This is one secret of his strong hold on the people. For, say what his enemies may about his re-nomination by shoddy and party wire-pullers, no president ever had a stronger hold on the confidence of the masses. His personal integrity has much to do with this, doubtless—for the accusation is yet to be made that he has used his great power to enrich himself or to give relative or friend the opportunity to plunder the treasury—but quite as great an element of his popularity is his vital sympathy with the people, of whom he feels himself to be one and in whose style he thinks and speaks.

Rev. John P. Gulliver of Norwich, Ct., writes in *The Independent* an account of an interview with Mr. Lincoln in 1860, before the nomination of the latter for the presidency. Mr. Gulliver complimented him on the success of an address he had just delivered at Norwich:—

'Ah! that reminds me,' said he, 'of a most extraordinary circumstance which ocurred in New Haven the other day. They told me that the professor of rhetoric in Yale college—a very learned man, isn't he?' 'Yes, sir, and a fine critic, too.' 'Well,' I suppose so; he ought to be, at any rate—they told me that he came to hear me and took notes of my speech, and gave a lecture on it to his class the next day; and, not satisfied with that, he followed me up to Meriden the next evening, and heard me again for the same purpose. Now, if this is so, it is to my mind very extraordinary. I have been sufficiently astonished at my success in the West. It has been most unexpected. But I had no thought of any marked success at the East, and least of all that I should draw out such commendations from literary and learned men. Now,' he continued, 'I should like very much to know what it was in my speech which you thought so remarkable, and what you suppose interested my friend, the professor, so much.' 'The clearness of your statement, Mr. Lincoln; the unanswerable style of your reasoning, and especially your illustrations, which were romance and fun and pathos and logic all welded together. That story about the snakes, for example, which set the hands and feet of your democratic hearers in such vigorous motion, was at once queer and comical and tragic and argumentative. It broke through all the barriers of a man's previous opinions and prejudices, at a crash, and blew up the very citadel of his false theories, before he could know what hurt him.'

'Can you remember any other illustrations,' said he, 'of this peculiarity of my style?' I gave him others of the same sort, occupying some half hour in the critique, when he said, 'I am much obliged to you for this. I have been wishing for a long time to find some one who would make this analysis for me. It throws light on a subject which has been dark to me. I can understand very readily how such a power as you have ascribed to me will account for the effect which seems to be produced by my speeches. I hope you have not been too flattering in your estimate. Certainly, I have had a most wonderful success for a man of my limited education.'

'That suggests, Mr. Lincoln, an inquiry which has several times been upon my lips during this conversation. I want very much to know how you got this unusual power of 'putting things.' It must have been a matter of education. No man has it by nature alone. What has your education been?'

"Well, as to education the newspapers are correct. I never went to school more than six months in my life; but, as you say, this must be a product of culture in some form. I have been putting the question you ask me to myself while you have been talking. I can say this, that among my earliest recollections, I remember how, when a mere child, I used to get irritated when anybody talked to me in a way I could not understand. I don't think I ever got angry at anything else in my life. But that always disturbed my temper, and has ever since. I can remember going to my little bedroom after hearing the neighbors talk of an evening with my father, and spending no small part of the night in walking up and down, and trying to make out what was the exact meaning of some of their, to me, dark sayings. I could not sleep, though I often tried to, when I got on such a hunt after an idea, until I had caught it; and when I thought I had got it, I was not satisfied until I had repeated it over and over, until I had put it in language plain enough, as I thought, for any boy I knew to comprehend. This was a kind of passion with me, and it has stuck by me, for I am never easy now, when I am handling a thought, till I have bounded it north, and bounded it south, and bounded it east, and bounded it west. Perhaps that accounts for the characteristic you observe in my speeches, though I never put the two things together before."

"Mr. Lincoln, I thank you for this. It is the most splendid educational fact I ever happened upon. This is genius, with all its impulsive, inspiring, dominating power over the mind of its possessor, developed by education into talent, with its uniformity, its permanence, and its disciplined strength, always ready, always available, never capricious—the highest possession of the intellect. But, let me ask, did you not have a law education? How did you prepare for your profession?"

"Oh, yes! I 'read law,' as the phrase is; that is, I became a lawyer's clerk in Springfield, and copied tedious documents, and picked up what I could of law in the intervals of other work. But your question reminds me of a bit of education I had, which I am bound in honesty to mention. In the course of my law-reading I constantly came upon the word demonstrate. I thought, at first, that I understood its meaning, but soon became satisfied that I did not. I said to myself: 'What do I do when I demonstrate more than when I reason or prose? How does demonstration differ from any other proof?' I consulted Webster's Dictionary. That told of 'certain proof,' 'proof beyond the possibility of doubt;' but I could form no idea what sort of proof that was. I thought a great many things were proved beyond a possibility of doubt, without recourse to any such extraordinary process of reasoning as I understood 'demonstration' to be. I consulted all the dictionaries and books of reference I could find, but with no better results. You might as well have defined blue to a blind man. At last I said, 'Lincoln, you can never make a lawyer if you do not understand what demonstrate means;' and I left my situation in Springfield, went home to my father's house and staid there until I could give any proposition in the six books of Euclid at sight. I then found out what 'demonstrate' means, and went back to my law studies."

I could not refrain from saying, in my admiration at such a development of character and genius combined. 'Mr. Lincoln, your success is no longer a marvel. It is the legitimate result of adequate causes. You deserve it all, and a great deal more. If you will permit me, I would like to use this fact publicly. It will be most valuable in inciting our young men to that patient classical and mathematical culture which most minds absolutely require. No man can talk well unless he is able first of all to define to himself what he is talking about. Euclid, well studied, would free the world of half its calamities, by banishing half the nonsense which now deluges and curses it. I have often thought that Euclid would be one of the best books to put on the catalogue of the Tract Society, if they could only get people to read it. It would be a means of grace.'

"I think so," said he, laughing. "I vote for Euclid."

Singing---Old Psalm Tunes.

To forward the favorable reception of such tunes, two facts to their original intention must be practically borne in mind: They are sung faster than we usually sing them, and, what is better, by a greater number of voices. It is a great mistake to suppose that old tunes should be sung in a heavy drawling style. Our forefathers in the church were cheerful Christians. A psalm of a dozen verses was but short to them. Hence, as well as from other circumstances, it is clear that they sang in a quicker and livelier manner than is commonly conjectured. The "Old Hundredth" tune is made a dirge in our days, but in theirs it was a joyous and animating canticle. In like manner, "York" tune; which is shelved among the dull and obsolete, was, little more than a century ago, the liveliest and most popular tune of the entire kingdom. But, to hear old tunes to advantage, they must be sung in old style; not only must they be sung with decent gravity and cheerful sanctity, but by masses of people, by a multitude of voices, "by all the people together," as the original directions state. Six thousand voices were wont to be heard at St. Paul's Cross "Three or four thousand singing at a time in a church in this city is but a trifle," said the excellent Roger Ascham in a letter from Augsburgh, dated the 14th of May, 1551.

A correspondent of the New York *Observer*, describing the worship at All Saints Church, Margaret street, London, says:

"I must express my delight with the singing of the hymns at this service. The words were evangelical and very sweet. The tunes were familiar, and the time was so rapid and inspiring that I was fascinated. They sang six or eight verses, and I wished there had been twenty-six. There were no interludes. The organ was heard only as an accompaniment. I think we have much to learn about sacred song. We kill all the elasticity of our songs by a drawling style of singing. In many of our churches the hymn is an infliction, whereas it should be a refreshment and joy. The organist must show off his skill, and the slow movement of the song sometimes makes one yawn. A capital reform will be accomplished when we suppress the interludes, or limit them to ten seconds, and then rouse ourselves to rapid, cheerful songs of praise. Mr. Spurgeon's congregation did not sing fast enough to satisfy him the Sabbath I was there, and he begged them to sing faster, a request which secured a great improvement in the next hymn. It is an interesting fact that the idea of more rapid singing is everywhere prevalent and growing in England, and that a few years promise to secure the greatest improvement in the spirit and pleasure of public parties."

The following passage from the quaint old divine, Thomas Fuller, may meet the case of those who excuse themselves from participating in the service of song in the house of God, on the ground of not having as tuneful a voice as they could wish:

"Lord, my voice by nature is hard and untuneable, and it is in vain to lavish any part to better it. Can my singing of psalms be pleasing to thy ears which is unpleasant to my own? Yet though I cannot chant with the nightingale, or chirp with the blackbird, I had rather chatter with the swallow, yea, rather croak with the raven, than be altogether silent. Hadst thou given me a better voice I would have praised thee with a better voice. Now what my music wants is sweetness, let it have in sense, singing praises with understanding. Yea, Lord, create in me a new heart, (therein to make melody), and I will be contented with my old voice, until in thy due time, being admitted into the choir of heaven, I have another, more harmonious, bestowed upon me."

☞ In the course of an examination for the degree of B. A., at Cambridge, under an examiner whose name was Payne, one of the questions was, "Give a definition of happiness;" to which a candidate returned the following laconic answer—"An exemption from Payne."

—Make a man think he is more cunning than you, and you can easily outwit him.

—He who has gained the pinnacle of life has nothing to hope and everything to fear.